DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 165 454 FL 009 926

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TITLE	Sapir John Haa Googwandak, No. 3.
INSTITUTION	Alaska Univ., Fairbanks. Alaska Native Language Center.
PUB DATE	Sep 74
NOTE	32p.
AVAILABLE FROM	Alaska Native Language Center, University of Alaska, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701 ($1.00)
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.83 Plus Postage. HC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS	Alaska Natives; American Indian Languages; *Athapascan Languages; Bilingual Education; *Childrens Literature; Elementary Secondary Education; *Folk Culture; *Instructional Materials; Language Instruction; Reading; Reading Instruction; *Reading Materials; *Tales; Uncommonly Taught Languages
IDENTIFIERS	Alaska

ABSTRACT

This reader is intended for use in a bilingual education setting and is geared towards students who are competent speakers of Gwitch'in Athabaskan with knowledge of the writing system. The third in a series of six booklets, it presents three mythical accounts of Athabaskan life at the time of first contact: "The Caribou and the Fish," "The Boy in the Moon," and "The Giant Fish in the Lake." An English translation is included. (AMH)

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ED165454

SAPIR JOHN HAA GOOGWANDAK 3

Katherine Peter

Neeyadąątł'oo

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SAPIR-FREDSON STORIES 3

edited and retranscribed by
Katherine Peter

a product of the

ALASKA NATIVE LANGUAGE CENTER

a division of the
Center for Northern Educational Research

University of Alaska
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September, 1974

500 copies

Jii t'ee Christian Choo va'at
Rachel dizheh k'aa haa.
Jii dehtły'aa kak.

INTRODUCTION

Jii gwandak kwaii t'ee John Fredson, Sapir ts'a' Ɂihteedeeyiinlii t'inchy'aa. John Arctic Village gwa'an vagwanlii 1891 dai'. Oonduk nankak "University of the South" Sewanee, Tennessee hee gooltin. 1945 dai' Gwichyaa Zhee geeghaii gwa'an vakwaa. Edward Sapir aii ginjii eenjit gwitr'it t'agwah'in nilii. Sapir aii dinjii gwandaii, nihɁehts'i' gwandaii gogwaa'ee gwats'a' k'eegwaadhat. Canada Ottawa gwa'an.

1923 dai' John yats'a' jii qwandak kwaii ɣihteediinlii t'inchy'aa.

Jii dehtɣy'aa kwaii 50 years gahkhyuk needarantɣ'oo kwaa. 1973-74 dai' Katherine Peter neeyidaahtɣ'oo U of A dinjii zhu' dehtɣy'aa tr'adantɣ'oo izhik. John aii iznik dai' ginkhii gwiky'aa danahotɣ'oo t'inchy'aa. Gwintsal qwirii ch'ijuk neeradaahtɣ'oo.

VAN ZHIT ʔUK CH'ATTHAII

Deenaadą́' vanchoo "vank'eedii" oozhii vee dinjii ch'ihʔę́ ditr'injaa digii ch'ihʔę́ haa ree gwich'įį varahnyąą. Oo'an hee ree t'eedaa'in ts'a' ahaa. Gyah haa dinjik, divii, vadzaih kwaii haa khyik teelók. ʔuk eenjit chan t'eedaa'in chihvyaa, jaʔ kwaii haa. Nin tsal chan gwanlįį, jak at'oąąnaachy'ąą chan khaiits'a' hee neegwiilik. Tthak ts'a' giveenjit gwinzįį ts'a' gogwandaii. Jii van vęę t'iginchy'aa ʔi'haa van nitsii. Khaiits'a' drin daąhgwan hee

drin ch'ihłak vakak ragwahthak vak'aa ra'oo. Izhik vivęę chan ddhah choo ch'aa zheet'andha'ee. Yi'edeedi' hełt'aii izhik gwiriį ddhah kwaa. Koh gwanlįį ɂaį' van it'ee lee nitsii ts'a' hee nan haa łiniitin k'it t'inchy'aa. Neehiitr'ak hee tit choo haa vakak najat gwaa'in. Jii van vęę ndaagwąą'ąį' izhik hee tł'eedik dachan tee ji' dinjii van ts'a' k'iindaa niivyaa zhee gwanah'ee ree varahnyaa. Ch'ihłǫǫ dąį' neegwąąhshįį ts'a' nindal gwąąhchy'aa gwiizhik digii, dirinjaa haa neech'a'aa drin tł'an ch'ee'aa ts'a' tthak gwinzįį

chan ahtr'aii kwaa. Nilįį vir neegin'al ndaa nagąąhjik gwiizhik kheech'araa'in. Vadzaih k'ii ts'i' oondaa hiɁoo ɁiiɁ eenjit ch'andaii han gihiiɁnąįį. Dik'i' teegwiɁtrat ts'a' ditr'ii tsal zhyaa tɁee ts'a' ndaa ich'inzhaa. It'ee rįį haa vadzaih k'ih teenaghal. Vadzaih deegwiɁkhan ivyaa googaa tsyaa tr'inlįį ts'a' t'igwii'in. Veenarandraa vigee hee geeraahtɁee. Shriit'agwąąchy'ąą neekwahiilnąįį ts'a' alaa naanąįį gwiizhik vee narandzik. Diirahtee hee ree chųų ajat nagwaanąįį k'it t'oonchy'aa, k'iizhak hee ree gwik'it

teediniintrat. Tr'ih tr'iłdak kwaii haa k'iizhak hee k'igogwaanąįį. Gook'iin jik chuu łineedhaghaa datthak deegwaahnyaa nagwaanąįį. Dinjii, dirinjaa haa digii ashoo ahłįį chy'ąą varahtee hee ree k'igwideetrat. Deenehshrit nyaa ts'a' dirinjaa haa dinjii k'aiintrii. Dikiighai' haga' ahk'an ts'a'. Vigii ree nindhat nats'ah ts'a' t'iizhik nats'aa dee gaaheendaii. Oonehnaa niiyit dąį' hee gwats'an jii van choo zhit łuk nitsii t'inchy'aa gwinyaa. "Jii łuk k'igwaa'ee yuu ch'iihiłdak gwich'in," vizhyaanąįį.

Tr'igwidii haa, shoo niliį kwaa haa gwitr'it deegwąhtsii gwahahtsyaa gaadandaii kwaa. "Jii ɣuk nihihthaa gwikįį haajyaa yuu," nyaa. Khaii gwilin neegwiidhat dihch'i' gwitr'it gwihiiɣnąįį. Traa leįį tahaakil, tr'ikyaa ts'a' van teedohotan, khaak'iindaa. Neeyihiluu khaii gwilin neegwaadhat tɣ'ęę van kak tthak traa needhi'ee iɣtsąįį. Jii traa kak chy'ąą k'ii delkaii iɣtsąįį. Dahtsii tee khwaii chy'ąą nadhanjaa. Dąįį ch'ihɣǫǫ drin gwiindhaa gwiizhik van akǫ' diinzhaa. Shriit'agwąhtsii ahtr'aii

gwiizhik t'iizhik ts'a' van tł'oo daatłee k'it t'iizhik. Drin doo hee gogwahkhyuk ch'iink'in googaa gohłii t'igwiizhik kwaa. Drin nihk'iitik gwandaa chuu ningyu'nagwaanaii ree gwinyaa. Łuk tsal at'oaachy'aa. Chehtsi' chuu zhit gwandaii tsal kwaii haa tthak teekak yahahchy'a' nagwaanaii. Drin nihk'iidoo taa gwihiyit gwiizhik chuu diildlat. Deegwiheenjyaa gahgiindaii kwaa, ts'a' taih zheet'in'ee kak khagaa'oo. Dzaa gwats'an van aakin gaa'ii. Van dełtsii chy'aa tyah choo daadlat k'it t'ii'in. Drin ch'ihłoaatin taa gwihiyit gwiizhik

Ɣi'haa k'eegwiichy'aa t'igwiheenjaa k'it giveenjit t'oonchy'aa. Khaa nigwiiyit gwiizhik nan ree diltrat k'it t'igwiizhik. Nahtan hiiƔtin k'it t'igwinyaa. Tth'aii tǫǫ gwilii kwaa gwiizhik yee'atk'iidiį hahdlaiį ts'aiį taih gwich'in khaho-zhaa. Gwahtrii haa nokhoghwat tƔ'eę hehndik naanaiį. Dįhch'i' Ɣuk haaƔkhwaa nyaa chy'ąą gwik'it teƔnjik. Nihky'ąą dinjii tee gwandak hiiƔnaiį ts'a' Ɣuk choo ghaii Ɣiriljil. Khaii ch'ihƔak tthak vakwan tr'igwiinch'į'. Ch'iji' ree ch'itsin aragwąh'aiį. Gaa Ɣaa k'aiich'ii neerook'it ts'a' t'inchy'aa

goolii kwaa. Juk gweendaa hee googaa

zhat Łuktth'an dhidlii ree t'aragwahnyaa.

Zhat Łu' dachan haa nitseelnąii googaa

juk tɔn'aii hee gogweechin.

VADZAIH ƵUK HAA

Deenaadą́i' vadzaih van tsal diƵtin eeghaii nishreeyą́ą́hchį́į. Dą́į́ gwiindhaa gwiizhik k'ii yinaandaii. Tr'iits'aa shreeyihahchii gwiizhik Ƶuk tsal yeeniinlit. Deiinchy'aa? Vadzaih ahnyaa dlok haa. Tr'ikhyit gwiindhaa gwiizhik k'ii chan shanaandaii ts'a' sheenjit gwinzį́į kwaa t'ihchy'aa. Niji' jidii han·yaa eenjit t'inchy'aa dee t'iinyaa. Shik'it Ƶuk inlį́į ji' juk neenjit tr'ideegooheechy'aa kwaa. Vadzaih ch'adą́i' shoo nilį́į kwaa

gwiizhik t'avarahnyaa ts'a' gwandaa vik'ii t'igwinyaa. Łuk tsal iltin rahtee ch'iji' ąhkaii. "Jyaa geenjit ch'iji'al'įį yuu," nyaa ts'a' nach'aakaii. Ddhah kak gwiindhaa goonyaa khai' ts'a' Łuk tsal gwandai viji' kak geedzaąh-chįį gwiizhik khadhizhii. Łąą gwiindhaa goonyaa izhik naachįį k'ii kwaa ts'a' geenjit shragoiidhan. Ddhah zheet'andha'ee hee gaahk'ii ts'a' k'ii kwaa. Juk nik'ee neenjit gwinzįį Łuk varahnyaa. Jii geenjit t'ee ji' ishi'įį yuu nyaa ts'a' needlok yahahchik. Juk t'ee jaghaii ch'iji' ini'įį Łii ts'a'

gaashandaii. Chan neeneehihdlaa kwaa. Teeneeshahchii. Zhat hingaii eenjit t'anaɣ'in nats'aa teeneenahaɣchyaa. Nyaa ts'a' shrits'a' neenakhochii. Neeshraahchyaa shoiinyaa. Shigii gwileii naii nool'ya' teeheedli' teeneeshahchii. Vadzaih idigwinyaa yindhan kwaa. Ts'a' teeneeshahchii kwaa ji' tr'igwihindii googa' vadzaih ahnyaa. "Ohtsin, ohtsin," ɣuk nyaa ts'a' ch'ahaahɣi'. Nihindhaa. Gaghat kwaa t'iinyaa. Googaa ohtsin nyaa ts'a' ch'idlii. Tth'aii ch'idlii gwiizhik ch'idiil laii. Tseenjyaa ohtsin nyaa

gwiizhik ndaa neehaatsik. It'ee lee qwint'oo ahtsin ts'a' han tthak qwik'it teeteldoo. Ako' teeneeshąhchii ʔuk nyaa gaa vidįį ch'iihooʔtin kwaa. Gwiizhik tth'aii hee ch'adąąlaįį. Ndaa ts'a' shree qooqaa igweech'in kwaa niqwiindhat. Toǫ gwanlįį gwiizhik chuu neeriyit k'it'igwii'in. Ant'it tthak ndaa ts'a' gwik'it danchuudiiʔnąįį. Vadzaih tr'ookit naajat kwaa chy'ąą ndaa ts'a' iditr'idee ildaii ts'a' dak qahaazhii. Dagahahak goǫ qweezhąą ree taahthal ʔii gik'inaandak. ʔąą ddhah zheet'in'ee oonyaa k'aa khadhizhii

googaa tth'aii gweezhąą taahthal. Ndaa

tɛ'a' ddhah dakdhat handha'ee tthak

k'igwaajil. Vadzaih yee'at k'ii'an

zhąą tr'iinvįį gǫǫ khan teenihonįį.

Niji' haa inzųų gǫǫ shant'ee jyaa

dihishi'yaa gihthan t'ihchy'aa.

TOO OORII ZHIT TSYAA TSAL DHIDII

Deenaadai' ch'iju' khaii tthak shih'ehdan daareedaa gwinyaa. Tr'agwaraii shih kwaa. Dinjii dazhan haa nint'aii naii tr'oonyaa gaa gaghat kwaa giizhan. Tr'iinin tsal ch'ihlee ooshazhan nyaa varahnyaa. Tr'ikhyit intsal varahnyaa, googaa tree haa gideent'aii. It'ee lee shih kwaa ts'a' ch'ihlok tr'ahndaa googaa kwaa. Googaa tth'aii gideent'aii ts'a' nahzhan varahnyaa. Goohk'ii nyaa dachaaval ts'a' zhah zhit ko' needaalyuu. Ch'ilik haa tsukdhahthal tsal chan di'ii

varahnyaa ts'eh tsal dzir tsal kwaii haa naazhii. Gwintsal veezhuudagoochy'a' ilįį kwankyaa choo nin'ee needąązhii. Eezhan tx'ęę nihky'aa naraarii ji' shih tr'ahaahkwaa nyaa aii t'inyaa tx'ęę nihkaa yahkee kwaa gwiizhik hee anrahaajil. Khaa too nagwaak'it gwiizhik nilįį haa nehshrit eneekhwaaranjil gwinyaa. Vadzaih gwanlįį xii tr'igwixdrat izhik hee zhyąą vadzaih keerigwahaatrat. Shih kwaa chy'ąą, khaa gwintx'oo neezhanch'irin'al anraheedaa gwikįį dąį' aii tsyaa tsal eezhan t'inyaa ree varahnyaa, "Vadzaih ch'ihxak xi'haa

ak'ii tr'ahaahkhwaa aii vik'eh yiihthan,"
nyaa. Aii vadzaih t'iyahnyaa vee'ii
niyahchii varahnyaa. Tsyaa tsal ch'ik'eh
dee'ii oodiikwat goo ree, aii dinyaa
tr'oonyaa kwaa. Tree haa tr'agwaraii
dee'ii edeent'aii googaa vidii chiihiitin
kwaa. Tree haa naachii ree varahnyaa
vahan didhiinyaa yahnyaa googaa ch'ik'eh
nyaa ts'a' oo'an vaayihiinaii.
K'avaayihidaadhal gwats'a' diyehghan
naii t'ahnyaa. Ch'igin ch'eekaii haa
gwinzii dachaavaa zhit dhidlii izhik
vak'oohtii. Shih kwaa neegwiheelyaa
ch'adai' tr'intsin chy'aa gwandaa ts'a'

juk shih kwaa neegwiheelyaa. Tr'iinin khavaayidiilnaii tɬ'ee niiyuk kwaa zhah haa ahtr'aiik'oo haatr'aii chuuluh k'ih naraatthaii chy'aa too tthak ahtr'aii tɬ'ee nijuk heezhukli'. Nilii nehshrit eekhwaaranjil chy'aa k'igwaajil. Vadzaih leii tr'ighan chy'aa neeragwaa'in goo ch'atthaii niniltɬ'ii ɬii gwinyaa. Nilii haa gwiindaii aii gwik'ih khaats'a' gwats'an neerihoojil chy'aa dah ch'ihɬak daa'il googaa kwaa. Ch'akwaa nagwaanaii ch'ak'oh nint'aii zhit ditsin haa shrehteeraajil. Aii tr'iinin yehghan rii k'iizhak t'iginchy'aa diyehghan

naii t'ahnyaa. Ch'igin lat ooht'aa tł'ee gwinzii k'iinjik nanohchik ch'eekaii lat oohtthal tł'ee zhyaa k'iinjik nanoh'ak. Ch'igin lat iriitthal ts'a' gwinzii tr'iinin t'inyaa gwik'it k'itineerichik, ch'igin lat iriitthal goo chy'aa gehndaa ch'igin tthak veekilkwaa. Zhyaa ánitin gwinyaa, ch'eekaii chan viriitthal googaa khyik hehłaat'ahtsii nanaadhak. Jyaa digwii'in ts'a' khaii tthak ndaarinjil. Diits'i' shrehteedhijil naii tthak givihdandhagaii. It'ee łaa gwahgo' gwiizhik nakhweełee hihshyaa tr'iinin nyaa. Tr'iinin deenyaa t'inyaa

li', ʸyaa gaagiidaii kwaa. Dak gineech'ihii'ak gwiizhik ch'ihʸǫǫ van hakirilzhii gǫǫ tr'iinin kwaa. Vankarantii gǫǫ hiljii, shrahzhit vitsukthal tsal geeniinlii ʸii varahnyaa, ts'ivii niivyaa zhee geeghaii gwinii'ee kak chan vidzir vits'ee haa doodlii. Khyu' vankarantii tr'igwidii haa tr'iinin k'igwideetrat tʸ'ęę niiyuk gwahaadhat hee ch'ahan niliį vigii t'iyahnyaa chy'aa ganaanjik. Vigii ree t'iyahnyaa, zhee zhyaa hihshyaa ch'igin ch'eekaįį haa shahǫǫh'yaa izhik teegwahaʸtą' shih gwiheelyaa ji' t'eehaalt'ak, datsan gwiheelyaa ji'

shanan zaii gwiheelyaa. Oodak gwagwaah'in

goo too oorii googii ch'igin ch'eekaii

haa teegwahta' nadhat juk gweendaa googaa

shih gwiheelyaa ji' t'eeniit'ak, goo

datsan gwiheelyaa ji' vananzaii gwanlii.

THE CARIBOU AND THE FISH

Long ago a caribou was standing in a little lake to cool off. It was a hot spring day and the mosquitoes were bothering him. While he moved here and there to get out of the sun, a little fish swam up to him. "What is the matter with you?" it asked, laughing.

"It is very hot and the mosquitoes are bothering me and I don't feel good at all."

"Well, your horns aren't much good to you now, are they? If you were a fish like me, you would not be feeling so bad."

The caribou was already in a bad mood, and these words increased his anger. As the little fish floated in the water quietly, the caribou suddenly thrust his horns under the fish. "This is what I have horns for," he said, and jumped lightly up. He slowly climbed to a mountain top where he figured it would be hot, with the little fish hanging alive on his horns. Right in the warmest spot he lay down. Since there were no mosquitoes, it was comfortable for him. On top of high mountains, where a light breeze blows, there are no mosquitoes. "Now is it well for you?" he asked the fish.

"Well, now I know clearly why you have horns. I will never laugh at you again. Put me back in the water."

"You will dry up, for that's what I am doing to you. Why should I put you back in the water?" So saying, the caribou took a more comfortable position.

"Have pity on me! Put me back in the water, or else my children will die!" The caribou paid no attention to his words. "If you don't put me back in the water, you'll be sorry, not me!" cried the fish to the caribou. So saying, the fish began to sing: "Let it rain! Let it rain!"

"You will die," said the caribou. "It is no use talking."

Nevertheless, the fish kept singing, "Let it rain!" While he was still singing, it began to shower heavily. "Let it rain still more!" he said, as it rained more and

more, harder and harder. So greatly did it rain that all the rivers around there suddenly rose in flood. "Now, enough! Put me back in the water!" said the fish, but there was no response. When it came time for dawn, the sun did not even appear. It was dark as night and the water came down in sheets. After a while all the valleys filled up with water. At first the caribou was not afraid, but after a while he started feeling nervous, and climbed up higher. Though he kept going up at intervals, he always found that the water kept rising up to meet him. He had gone up on top of a mountain that he thought reached up to the sky, but still the water kept rising. After awhile all the mountain peaks disappeared. The caribou struck off to one side and began to swim, but he quickly drowned.

The fish said, "You are cruel with your horns, but I also can be cruel in this way."

THE BOY IN THE MOON

Long ago in the old times, so they say, the people had no food for a whole winter. They made medicine in every possible way, but there was no food at all. There were men who they all thought were powerful medicine men, but they made medicine in vain. Then a little tiny boy said, "Let me make medicine!" "You are too small," they told him, but, crying, he insisted. There was so little food that there was not enough for even one mouthful. In spite of all that, he kept insisting. "Make medicine!" they told him. "You guys make a fire," he said. Singing, he pulled his little toboggan in a circle in the snow around the fire. He had little marten-skin pants, a little hat, and small mittens; he was a nice little boy, a loveable child, worthy of much affection. He went around the big, blazing fire. He said after having made the medicine that if they went hunting the next day, they would kill game. After he said that, the next day people came home staggering under heavy packs of meat. They found much caribou and killed them with no trouble. It was a famine time. In the evening all the people ate. Before they were to leave to hunt again, the little boy who made medicine said, "One very fat caribou will be killed. I want the fat of it." His uncle killed the caribou that he spoke of. The little boy begged his uncle for that fat, but his uncle ignored him. In vain, crying, he begged his uncle, but his uncle did not answer him, not at all. Weeping, the little boy went to bed and fell asleep. In spite of his mother saying "Keep still!" to him, he fell asleep saying "Fat!" Before he fell asleep he said to his parents, "You two take a front quarter with blood in it and put it in a toboggan and keep it there. As there was famine before, so will there be again." Not long after the child had fallen asleep, a cold wind began to blow, and the thick, well-beaten trails that had been broken here and there disappeared in one night. The packs of meat they had brought home with difficulty disappeared by magic. They went back to the caribou that had been killed, but apparently they had all jumped up again. There was not even one drop of blood left from the heavy burdens of meat they had brought home the night before. It was famine again; it was deep cold;

and the starving people separated and wandered in different directions. Only the parents and the boy stayed where they were. He said to his parents, "After you guys cut meat from that front quarter each time, replace it where it was. And each time you cut off part of the blood frozen in the intestines, replace it too." As he told them, each time they cut off part of the front quarter, they put it back in its place; and though they had cut off part, the next time they took it out, the cut off part had reappeared. The same thing happened with the blood. Thus they lived all winter. All those who had gone away from them starved to death. Just as the ground began to show through the snow, the boy said, "I'll walk away from you guys." "I wonder what the boy means by that?" they said. Each morning the sun was rising higher and higher. One morning they got up and the boy was not there. They searched for him, but he was gone; his little marten pants were hanging in the smokehole, so they say. On a spruce tree near the tent his little mittens and his cap were hanging. Sorrowing, they looked for him in vain. A long time after the boy disappeared, his mother remembered what he had told her. Her son told her, "I'll go up to the sky. You will see me and the front quarter and the blood there; I will be holding them in my hand. If there is to be much food, I'll have my back straightened (with a load); if there if to be famine, my back will be bent, hunched from weakness." Looking upward, they saw their son standing in the moon, with both the front quarter and the blood. Even now, if there is to be much food, he holds his shoulders back, but if there is to be famine, his back is bent forward.

THE GIANT FISH IN THE LAKE

Long, long ago a certain man lived with his wife and son on the bank of a big lake. He went around hunting and fishing for his living, all alone. He caught moose, mountain sheep, caribou, and other such game with snares. He fished, too, with nets and hooks. There was also much small game; and there were berries of all kinds in the fall. And so they lived very well.

The lake beside which they lived was really a big one. When days are short in the fall, it takes a whole day to travel across its length. At its edge a big, rugged mountain rises toward the sky. It stretches along the lake all the way to its outlet, which is the only place there are no mountains. When the sky is cloudy, the lake is so big that it looks like the flat surfaces of sky and lake meet together. Whenever the wind blows, fearfully big waves rise on its surface.

This man had set up his tent, they say, at the edge of the lake, in the woods at the upper end of the lake, facing out at the lake. One spring, when it was very good weather and things were beginning to grow again, the noon sun was shining and the day was windless, the wife and son were eating. Just as they were finishing the boiled meat they were eating, they sighted something. Some caribou, which had apparently been forced down to the water by annoying mosquitoes, were tossing their heads in excitement. Grabbing his bow and arrows, the son jumped into his small canoe and pushed off into the lake. He paddled with all his might to intersect the (swimming) caribous' path. Though the caribou swam very fast, the young man outdid him and quickly paddled up to him. He shot an arrow right through its armpit into its heart. After kicking a few times it floated up quickly and he glided up to it. Before he had time to think, a whirlpool suddenly appeared and he was sucked downward by the current. The canoe and the caribou disappeared into the depths. The water quickly closed behind them and became as smooth as before. The son of whom the man

and his wife had been so proud disappeared all at once, before he had time to think. Absolutely helpless, he and his wife wept for their son, and he burned off his hair from his head. How could he know how his son had died? Long ago in another time, they told about a big fish that lives in this lake. "Surely it must be this very fish that has swallowed my son," the man suddenly thought. In sorrow and in great anger, though he did not know how great an effort it would be nor how he would do it, he vowed, "Before I die, this fish will truly perish."

Many winters passed and the old man worked hard, spending a lot of time. He chopped trees down. While the lake was frozen, he crossed it many times to chop wood. While it was frozen, he arranged the wood on top of it. After many years had passed, he had made a network of log entirely covering the top of the lake. On this wood he piled up rocks. He poured oil around on the driftwood. One warm spring day he set the lake afire. The wind was blowing when he did it, and the lake quickly blazed just like hay. It burned for about four days, but nothing happened. All kinds of little fish, water insects, and little water creatures came to view on top of the water. After eight days, the water started to boil. Now knowing what would happen, the man and his wife went up on top of a very high hill. From there they watched the lake. Big as it was, the lake boiled like a pot. When ten days had passed, it looked like something was going to happen. As evening fell and the earth was shining with sunset, the land shook as if something were happening. There was a great sound like thunder. While night was still passing, way off down toward the outlet, on the hillside, something pushed itself out. After flapping around and breaking up the wood, it became quiet. The old man had said "I'll kill that fish," and he had done it. As the news quickly passed among the people in all directions, they gathered hear the big fish. For one whole winter they lived off it. They found only horns in its stomach. There was nothing really recognizable. Even now, there are still fish bones lying there, they say. The wood that the fish threw around by flapping its tail can still be seen.